OLEDO and Barcelona may be set down as the veritable antipodes of this strange new-old nation of the Iberian peninsula. The one city is so very, very old, the other so strangely new. Toledo, shrunk in its twenty-one centuries of weary existence from a city-at its zenith-of some 200,000 souls, new supports a bare 20,000. It might easily be Jerusalem. Barcelona, with its population of over a million folk, in its thrift and enterprise and progress, might be called our own Toronto. Let us begin logically and chonologically-with Toledo.

I went down there on a one-day excursion from Madrid-sixty miles in each direction. The man in Cook's place there at the Spanish capital agreed to "run me down" with a courier if a fellow passenger could be found. No fellow passenger showed up, and the ticket agent wrote my travel necessities in purest Castilian on a slip of paper which I could hand in at the railroad station on the morrow. I do not speak Spanish. It is not essential to travel here-although a very great comfort and aid. On the morrow I slipped my instructions slip and a 25-peseta note in through the wicket at the Mediodia station and received my Toledo ticket. A rather squalid and ancient train was waiting at a nearby platform. I boarded it and after an intensely slow trip of three hours was in the handsome new railway station at Toledo.

It is the only new thing in the town, with the exception of the hotel, of which the inhabitants brag quite as immoderately as those of our own newer communities. It is built of concrete blocks-itself a gaunt, packingcase sort of an affair-and is strangely reminiscent of the sort of thing that an enterprising county-seat town down in Oklahoma or in west Texas has a profound delight in building. Only in Oklahoma or in west Texas they would probably have a great plenty of private baths and other conveniences in cleanliness. The Hotel Castile, in Toledo, has little luxury. Its single washroom and lavatory is run strictly upon the co-educational principle. The trainload of dusty folk arriving from Madrid had hardly ascended the long hill upon the crest of which ancient Toledo sleeps before there was a concerted rush upon the hotel's one washroom. Yet all in vain. Even it was not available. It contained the new hotel's one bathtub. And the star boarder was taking his bath.

VET one does not go to Toledo to indulge in the luxuries of new hotels. He goes to seep his very soul in the charm of what probably is to-day truly the most medieval of all the old cities of Europe. I confess, myself, to no very great interest in cathedrals and that sort of thing-particularly the average cathedral-but this one caught me and held me enthralled. It is the one church that I have ever seen that never could tire menot if I went to it once a day for forty years to come. It is the most beautiful building that I have ever seen-so brilliantly rich in its colorings, so flamboyant, so baroque and yet so entirely exquisite.

In Toledo it is a vista here, a vista therelike the steady changing of the scenery in a theater. And untiring in the changing.

My train returned to Madrid at 5:45 p. m. Five-forty-five came before I was aware of it. An hour before that time I was in the Plaza de Constitucion, the one really open place in the whole crowded, confused, congested town. I was studying the folk who came and went within it. "Carmen," I said to myself. And so it was-the first acl of the Bizet opera. More than ever I kept thinking myself in a theater and the orchestra about to strike up the Toreador song. When-lo and behold and all the rest of it-a band did strike up the marching song from "Carmen"! This certainly was a theater. This could not The playing band of musicians that marched so briskly across the little plaza, the long file of remarkably neat soldiery that fol-

OLD SPAIN, ASLEEP AND AWAKE

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

Drawing by JEFFERSON MACHAMER



The Cathedral spire, the dominating land mark of old Toledo

lowed it, the rag-tag of gamins slipping in between their legs and imitating militariness-Toledo suddenly became the most unreal town that ever I have seen. It martialled the drame of its very existence before my eyes.

AFTER Toledo, Barcelona. Long age someone named this extreme northeasterly corner of the Hispanic kingdom-the ancient province of Catalonia-the "Ireland of Spain," The phrase is not inept. For that portion of Catalonia which still remains within Spanish boundaries -- some centuries ago it was an independent nation and reached well up into what is now southern France-has some four million folk, out of Spain's entire population of about 25,000,000, which is about the same population as that of Ireland or Switzerland. But Catalonia resembles Ireland in far more ways than in mere population statistics. She is an air-breathing, liberty-loving, hard-fighting community, who might easily become anindependent republic, if something even appreaching an opportunity were to be offered

Monarchy, its traditions and its customs, all of the gilt trappings of big Madrid or small Tolede, with its many military schools, tile real appeal to the Catalonian. He feels that he pays, and pays dearly, for them. Having built up the largest and the richest city of the nation-this ancient Mediterranean port of Barcelona, with its population of over 1,250,000-he feels that he is paying more than his fair share for the gay official life of the national capital. Just as there are men in the City of New York who feel that they pay more than their fair share for both state and national expenditures.

For answer Madrid sends troops, and still more troops, to Barcelona. You see them everywhere within this Catalonian capital. They promenade up and down its great street,

The Hotel Castile in Toledo has a single washroom. The trainload of dusty folks from Madrid had hardly ascended the long hill when there was a rush for the lavatory. Yet all in vain. It contained the hotel's one bathtub. And the star boarder was taking a bath!

the Rambla, in threes and in fours, apparently in great Spanish leisure, but always armed and ready for instant action-for "a fight or a frolic." The Civil Guards ride through its residence streets and far out into its fantastic new suburbs-always in pairs; a Spanish policeman takes few chances. The other night when I went to the opera-a dreary performance of "Mefistofile," but in one of the loveliest great theaters in all this world—there were at least a hundred armed soldiers and policemen in the auditorium. It looked like Carnogie Hall awaiting one of Sir Philip Gibbs's friendly talks on Ireland. No chances were being taken. It is not quite a year since a bomb was thrust into a crowded theater audience in Milan with disastrous results.

WO years age, and it seemed as if Catalonia, always a breeder of trouble as well as of wealth for Spain, might easily break into revolution. The Morocco situation did nothing to ease the tension. Bolshevist activities in the "Spanish Ireland" had reached a high pitch. The active ability of the Bolshevik propagandists, plus the inability of the local police authorities, had made it possible to sow sany seeds. Then a governor was sent down from Madrid, who knew both the city and the situation. His job was to clear the air. And clear it be did. This is how he did it:

He resolved to set one poison to kill another -an ancient practice among good doctors. The same thing has been done recently in Italy with good results. The pacifists have been sent out by the men who hope for a strong Italy and a permanent and civilized one, no matter exactly what her form or phase of governing power-the great middle-class, consisting, as with us, chiefly of professional folk and of property owners, large or smallto right the situation. And up to the present moment they are making a pretty clean-cut

But I am writing of Spain. Here in Spain's Ireland a picked body of men-men without fear in their hearts-has chosen to fight Bolshevism with its own weapons. It still is in existence, and this is about how it works: Two Bolshevist leaders, assuming here as elsewhere in the world the guise of labor leaders, approach one of the many factories in and about Barcelona. They gain access to its workers. A strike, a walk-out is suggested. Within forty-eight hours the more suggestion may mean action of a most decided sort. The agitators promise to return the next day.

They rarely do. Before they are off the factory grounds one of the military governor's picked men-he probably is in the greasy overalls of a worker-gains their attention. Just exactly what he says to them no one knows. In purport he tells them that to return to that factory on the morrow will mean certain death-nothing less. If the agitator returns the promise is kept-invariably. The record of Barcelona during the last eighteen months is a bloody one, indeed. Murders have passed the point of becoming a daily record. They come far too frequently now.

HE manager of a sizable hotel in the city some time ago was threatened with a strike of his waiters. He resented the threat and took steps to prevent the strike. That night as he strolled along the Rambla on his way to the theater he was stabbed in the backand this in a crowded portion of the city's most important street. Miraculously he escaped death.

In the excitement and confusion which

The Rambla is the great shaded promenade street of Barcelona

followed the assault his assailant fled. The police seemed at an utter loss even to identify him. Yet within twenty-four hours on another street of Barcelona-a mean, small street of the town-one of the waiters of that hotel lay dead in his own blood. The poison antidote had worked.

NOT so very long ago four of the most per-sistent agitators were arrested and sent up to the gloomy military prison that tops the high peak of Montjuich, looking down upon the city. From the moment of their arrest all record of them was lost. A day passed, two, three, four-apparently the authorities were going to make no move toward arraigning them before a civil magistrate. A group of their leaders made their way to the military governor of the city-not with any difficulty whatsoever. He received them courteously-it is Spanish good manners to be courteous always. He asked his callers what he could do for them.

They broke forth into impassioned protest. Rumor, that messenger who knows no walls nor barriers, had come to them and told them that their four fellows had been assaulted-

The governor nodded his head. He did not seem to think that Dame Rumor, this time at least, was far wrong. He sent forthwith for the prison doctor and asked him in front of his callers as to the health of the four prisoners. Rumor was right. The four prisoners

The governor asked as to the cause of their deaths. The doctor brought forth his reports: "There has been a great deal of disease in Montjuich of late, your excellency," he observed at the beginning. "These four prisoners were particularly unfortunate." He fum-

bled with the reports and began reading from them. "A we found had an aggravate case of tuberculosis and died from it, night before last. B—— contracted scarlet fever the following morning and lived but a few hours thereafter. C- ad blood poisoning. It was quite impossible wave him. Typhus caught D. He could not overcome it.

The physician folded his reports. The military governor thanked him and turned toward

"There you are, gentlemen," said he. "A most unfortunate coincidence. But Mont. juich is an unhealthy place, a most tuhealth, place. Let me warn you of that, gentlemer. And bade them a courteous adieu.

IN WRITING from Madrid I referred to the

fearfully late hours that city habitually keeps. Yet Barcelona sets the clock even further backward. On the night that I came out from the opera in the great Lycce I rambled in and out through the narrow streets into this cafe and into that and found that indeed Barcelona is a city that never sleeps. In that way it is vastly different from Toronto-different even from Paris. There is no myth about the night life here. Down in the lower part of the town, not far from the Rambia, is a very popular theater that stages a show not unlike the Ziegfeld "Midnight Frolic." The show starts at 3 to the morning; the doors are not opened until sixty minutes previous to that time. .

I arrived at the opera at a little after 10 in the evening; the curtain was just rising on the second act. The waits between the scenes were interminable. When I left at half after midnight there still was another act to come

. . . But the fascination of an old Medi terranean port under the fullness of an April moon was not to be gainsaid. And finally when I came to my hotel I could not resist the temptation to go out upon the balcony of my high-set room and gaze down over the housetops of this strangely inconsistent city of old-new Spain, under a perfect orb of moon. From the sea huge white clouds came piling up. They were of the sort that the scientist calls cumulus and that Maxfield Parrish forever delights in painting. The sky was a very deep blue. There were flat rooftops, domes, minarets, cathedral spires. . . I stood on my balcony a very long time.

THIS Barcelona does look like Toronto-and yet it does not. There is something about the even sweep of the Mediterranean past its shores that makes one think of the expanse of like waters just at the front door of the Ontario city; something in its odd juxtaposition of very wide streets and very narrow ones that is strangely reminiscent of the Canadian metropolis. If one could take Toronto, locate at its back door the mountain of Montrealonly much higher and more commanding and bearing the story-book name of Tibidaboand give it a ceaseless and highly strenuous night life, he might have at least the beginnings of Barcelona. The great circles of ver busy factories that encircle this Spanish chy are tremendously Toronto. The thing that is vastly different is the rough surge of temper tuous Catalonian blood-surely this must be Dublin. But, stay! our Canadian Toronto was largely settled by Irish blood. The blood of the north of Ireland-the hard Scottish Protestant blood-went toward making the Belfast of North America. We said at the beginning that Catalonia was the Ireland of Spain-not a new thought, by any means. Now we know. Catalonia is the Ireland of Spain. we understand now. It is the Hispanic north of Ireland-in a word, the Spanish Uster, although without the Protestant asceticism of the north of Ireland. And as such is best to be understood.

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HE best thought of engineers, artists. architects, public servants, social workers and economists is to be squeezed as in a wine press into a project that for a better name is being called the Plan of New York and Its Environs

In 1811 when New York had a population of less than 90,000, the present street plan of Manhattan Island was designed by Commissioners Gouverneur Morris, Simeon De Witt and John Rutherford. In their report these early city planners wrote:

The Commissioners of 1811 Were Bad Guessers

"It may be a subject of merriment that the Commissioners have provided space for a greater population than is collected at any spot on this side of China. . . . It is not improbable that considerable numbers may be collected at Haeriem before the high hills to the southward of it shall be built upon as a city, and it is improbable that (for centuries to come) the grounds north of Haerlem flat will be covered with houses. . . .

"It may be matter of surprise that so few

vacant spaces have been left and those so small; for the benefit of fresh air and consequent preservation of health. Certainly if the City of New York were destined to stand on the side of a small stream such as the Seine or the Thames, a great number of ample places might be needful; but those large arms of the sea which embrace Manhattan Island render its situation, in regard to health and pleasure, as well as to convenience of commerce, peculiarly felicitous; when therefore, from the same causes, the price of land is so uncommonly great, it seemed proper to admit the principles of economy to greater influence than might under circumstances of a different kind, have consisted with the dictates of prudence and the sense of duty."

It is to be hoped that Gouverneur Morris

PLANNING THE NEW YORK OF 2000 A. D.

with wings in that heaven described by Conan Doyle, and that they have had what corresponds to an airplane view of Manhattan. survey. Nothing of like scale has ever before Such a view would take a vast amount of conceit out of them and make them easier persons, been attempted. Discussing that phase of the

or spirits, to get along with. A sight-seeing bus trip would accomplish pretty much the same result for them, and it would have been particularly fine if they could have attended the meeting in the auditorium of the Engineering Societies' Building on Wednesday night. They would have heard Charles Norton, chairman of the Russell Sage Foundation committee of direction for city planning projects,

and his two associates have been equipped

"These 'principles of economy applied to Manhattan Island in 1811 have yielded their logical and disastrous harvest of congestion and confusion in 1922. Embraced by 'those large arms of the sea,' rigidly bound to a street scheme designed in 1811. Manhattan has leaped into the air; it has tunneled and bridged the rivers; it has thrust out its transportation arms until men and women travel fifty miles to their daily labor in the city; until the great area of which Manhattan is the center is in 1922 the home of no less than nine millions of people."

Preparing Systematically for 37,000,000 People

Mr. Norton did not say so then, but Gouverneur Morris might just as well know that unless some relief is gained through the adoption of Margaret Sanger's idea or unless Mr. Wells' forebodings about the collapse of civilization come to pass, in the year 2000 A. D. this same area will be swarming with 37,000,-000 people. Just picture the subway congestion by that time if Mayor Hylan should perpetuate his reign by making his office hereditary!

A social survey that is to be made of New York is but one aspect of the work of developing a plan. Shelby M. Harrison, director of the Department of Surveys and Exhibits of

By BOYDEN SPARKES the Russell Sage Foundation, is to direct this

preliminary work to be done Mr. Harrison

"The purpose of the present undertaking is

To Fillsfield-

Theoretical diagram showing main highway routes in the New York district. Full lines show general location of existing roads. Broken lines show direct connections which may be supplied in the future

to aid in making this great New York region. the most favorable place possible in which, as some one has phrased it, to carry on productive occupations efficiently while living healthful and satisfactory lives-in other words, making this New York region the best possible place in which to work and live.

"It is recognized that these objectives must go hand in hand, neither being possible of full attainment without the other. A group of important studies bearing on social and living conditions will therefore be included in the preliminary work to be done. The social welfare, the well-being of all living together as associates in this large area, is to be planned for, and it is essential that the planning shall have a sound basis of facts upon which to rest.

"It has been observed that practically every community exhibits the remnants, good and bad, of the period that has gone, and also the beginnings, favorable and unfavorable, of the institutions and community that are to come. That is one reason why social and community studies of the present are likely to be full of suggestions for curbing unwholesome and developing wholesale tendencies.

Constructive Planning on Scale Never Before Attempted

"It is hoped that the present undertaking may have the distinction of going further in working out the social basis for constructive city planning than has heretofore been possible to go in work of this kind."

Elsewhere Mr. Harrison has given a brief, apt definition of a survey as "the application of scientific method to the study and solution of social problems, which have specific geographical limits and bearings, plus such a spreading of its facts and recommendations as will make them, as far as possible, the common knowledge of the community and a force for intelligent co-ordinated action."

Never before has any community approaching New York City in size, let alone the great metropolitan area, attempted such a survey. Pittsburgh has been surveyed in this fashion,

and so has Cleveland. Mr. Harrison was director of the Pittsburgh and also of the Springfield (Illinois) survey. The things that were d'sclosed about Lincoln's home town through this means and what will be disclosed by such measurement of New York are hardly to be compared. The differences in these

Other New York Surveys to Follow This One

communities are more than of size.

The social welfare side is to be emphasized in the plan for New York. Other surveys, economic, industrial, physical and legal are to be made. Inevitably there will be some lapping, but the completed picture may be expected to show New York in unsuspected col-

It has already been decided that the social survey is to cover two fields. First, questions relating to public health and sanitation; and second, questions relating to play, recreation and the use of leisure time; second, housing problems will be taken up, but whether by the social survey or in the economic survey has not been determined.

Already an advisory committee on health and sanitation has been formed to work with Mr. Harrison, Dr. Herman M. Biggs is chairman of this committee, and the others members are Dr. Walter James, Dr. George David Stewart, Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, Dr. William H. Welch and Dr. Winford Smith. The last two are of Johns Hopkins. The problems the are to be concerned with are those of water supply, drainage and sewerage, hospital and other health institution sites. Not merely these problems as they affect New York City but as they touch the primitive settlements of the Ramapo mountaineers, some of whom are closer to Union Square, the center of the fifty-mile radius under consideration, then many of the more densely populated areas on the outer edges of that radius.

It must be kept in mind that the social sur vey to be made in connection with the devel opment of a plan will embrace more than New York City. The legal survey, in its beginning has shown that there are three hundred dis-

(Continued on page ten)

ors of stupidity, cruelty and inertia.